experiencers who have done with all specula-
tion, to whom past lives are as yesterday, and
nature an open book.

It is in the mystic rights of the Shiva Puja,
of the occult Lingam which has come from a
Holier World than ours, which *must* be wor-
shipped every day with flowers and frankin-
cense and mantrams, and then brings the
Highest to the guardian of Its shrine, if tended
with entire devotion. But its concentrated
essence is in our own souls, we who are
Orientals whether of dark or fair, so that we
CANNOT if we would, disobey its call

What do you most want ? Have you yet
reached that stage of vairagya, when the
outer life nauseates, its music sounds noise, its
colours tire, its perfumes stench, its banquets
sicken, its loves prove passing nerve thrills ?
But there is another life of which my pledged
word permits me only to hint. Might I try
to write fully even as I know it I should
need the ocean's volumes for ink, the rain-
bows tints for illustration, the

spheres music
for utterance.

From afar, from beyond the hoary
Himalaya,

* Sanskrit invocations.

t A Sanskrit term, meaning disgust or weariness.